

THERE ARE STRANGE THINGS DONE IN THE MIDNIGHT SUN
BY THE MEN WHO MOIL FOR GOLD;
THE ARCTIC TRAILS HAVE THEIR SECRET TALES
THAT WOULD MAKE YOUR BLOOD RUN COLD;
THE NORTHERN LIGHTS HAVE SEEN QUEER SIGHTS,
BUT THE QUEEREST THEY EVERY DID SEE
WAS THAT NIGHT ON THE MARGE OF LAKE LEBARGE
I CREMATED SAM MCGEE

-ROBERT SERVICE

LET US LIVE OUR LIFE AS A MAN WHO KNEW NO BOUNDS, A
MAN WHO THOUGHT EVERYDAY WAS BETTER SPENT
HOLDING A PUPPY OR PLAYING A GUITAR FOR THOSE
AROUND HIM.

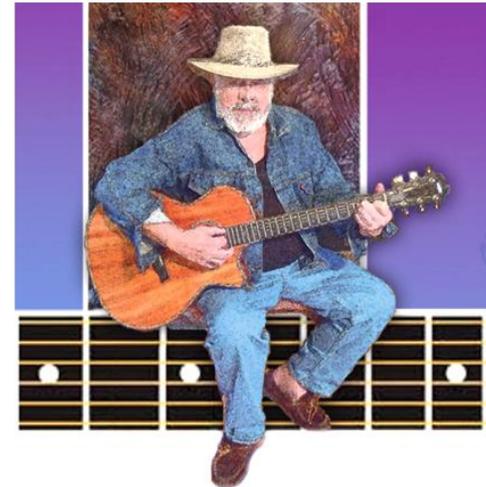
ETERNALLY MAY HIS MEMORY BE IN OUR LIVES AND IN OUR
HEARTS.

Bruce's loved ones are grateful for the support, friendship
and love of all of our family and friends. Thank you from
the bottom of our hearts for celebrating his memory.

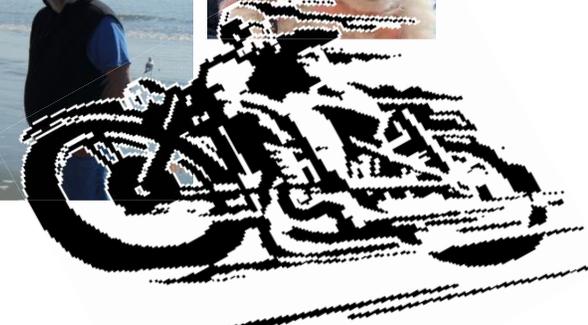
Phyllis; Marc & Evelyn; Chris; Marti & Dino; Shawn & Tara;
Casey, Sarah, Theo, Alex; Roger & Donna; Tracy & Tom,
Tommy & Ted; Barry & Pattie, Fred & Ginny.



CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF **BRUCE SHARROW**



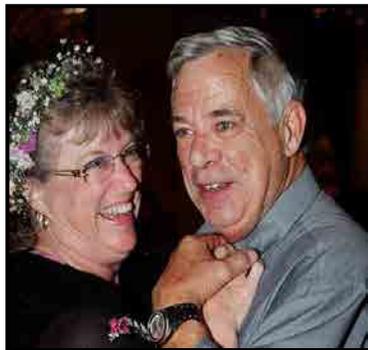
A MAN WHO LIVED LIFE IN CONSTANT MOTION



Most people (and dogs) that knew Bruce could bear witness to his generous and kind disposition. His hard exterior only served as a façade to his true nature—a side to which his close family and friends could attest. To say he enjoyed life would be somewhat misleading; Bruce enjoyed a key component of life and that was living—and he took living further than most people could ever hope.



He spent his days working hard; he and his first wife Scotti built a life together and raised three children who would go on to give Bruce further drive to experience life; motorcycle trips, photography, SCUBA diving adventures and his infamous camping trips to White Rock and Salt Point gave Bruce a sense of adventure as he traversed through life surrounded by those he loved—his family and his four-legged companions.



As life continued and days passed Bruce found a new love; a wife that shared his liking for the creatures that scurried around his feet while barking for a cookie, a love that enjoyed family and living as much as he did, and that love was Phyllis. People watched as his bride slowly unpeeled the shell of the man who had been toughened by life; and soon she began to expose a new Bruce: a man who openly shined with happiness and joy, and a man who many were lucky enough to call their friend.



As the days marched by, Bruce in his new life found pleasure in more than just his fancy motor toys. But few hobbies could make him happier than the moments he was strumming away on his guitars and banjo. Music was his way of communicating a deeper side of his soul; through the rhythmic melodies of his guitar, the man

strummed until his hands could barely push onward. He was passionate—about life and most importantly about living. Smiles filled the room as he spun a comical (and often exaggerated) tale of childhood woes and adventures with his brother Barry from their younger days. Even late in his life his stories and anecdotes filled his family's ears with memories as news circulated about his deteriorating condition.



We choose to honor and remember these stories today. The ones that make us laugh and reach for a friend. The memories that remind us that life is not simply for watching but rather for experiencing...preferably on the back of a motorbike traveling down the road. We honor these memories and these lessons; we celebrate the life of Bruce Sharrow—a friend to souls with two and four legs.

